UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOL. VI. *CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.* NO. 1.

EDITORIAL.

R. L. H.

If we thought more, would not our talks and doings be better?

How expensive are injurious things, even if we count not the injuriousness!

In this age do we live too much in the outer noise, and too little in the inner silence?

Blessed are they who know the eloquence of silence. "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." Wilt thou be alone then?

Let us not be pessimists: for really we know that in many respects, this world is very lovely; but it needs reforms and improvements most decidedly.

Sometimes we feel as if all the pulpits in the land should be engaged only to preach *Justice*, and nothing else, for some years. Righteousness first and foremost, is the great need of needs in society everywhere.

Why, in the name of all common-sense, are not those courts of justice, so mis-called, swept out of existence, when for many years they make the innocent and upright wait for their dues, and die without them? Why formulate iniquity in the name of law?

Every person writes his real biography, unknown to himself, on the hearts of those that live with him and do business with him. So hypocrisy is found out silently every day in this life much more than many imagine. Many of us are wearing masks only of glass. We think that they hide us when they only cover. Every day is a judgment day.

We have often wondered why so many great men spend so much energy, time, and money to have new translations of ancient writings, and to find their meaning, after becoming certain that those writings are often erroneous and nonsensical —that they are only the productions of men much more ignorant than the best and wisest men of our own time.

The older we grow, and the more we read and ponder on many sides of the question, the more we feel that it is very difficult to *know certainly* what Jesus said and did 1800 years ago. We may have an opinion about it. That is all. It is more important for us to study the gospels sincerely to find what truths are there corresponding with our best experiences, and answering to our needs.

Sometimes we feel very indignant in relation to some preachers who do not preach exactly as they think. We call them "men of policy," "insincere, &c.;" and yet we never met a man or woman in our life who did not use some policy in some things. It seems very necessary to use some dissimulations in many circumstances. It would be unwise not to do so. Yet let us be brave for sincerity. "Wise as serpents; harmless as doves."

In reading works on Astronomy, or Geology, (say about the "antiquity of man,") we wonder at the revelations of Science. But in every such scientific work, how many things are asserted on mere *suppositions!* When we find so many Biblical scholars contradicting each other about subjects like the Fourth Gospel, we feel that we are in the region of uncertainty. The sure *knowledge* is scarce, but the guesses are plenty. We feel thankful also that our well-being depends not on the guesses.

NO-END.

When we think of this vast universe having no limits to it—where the lightning may go in a straight line for a million of years, and still be in the middle, and all this unbounded space full of flaming suns and systems. When we think of this, how very small this little earth seems! How very childish seems our common theology! And as we think, like Dr. Martineau, how cheap the individual life is —nature dropping millions upon millions of us into graves, almost as soon as we begin to breathe, and going on endlessly to give birth to more, as if we were so many cheap worms, our hearts ache in

view of our littleness. Yet what a curious power is this within us that can be *conscious* of this littleness, and stretch away into the infinitude never finding any end to its discoveries and imaginations! Dr. Hedge tells us that there never will be an end of evil.

"The time will never come, when all wrong shall be expunged, suffering unknown, and

Fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

Neither in this world nor in any future world is such a state possible. Evil there must always be. Old evils may be abolished, but new evils will spring. The kingdom of heaven must be always *coming*; but hope would expire were it fully come." So there is no end, no stopping place. We must be always going. May we find the blessedness of appreciating this, and the patience of active waiting for little ends that are new beginnings evermore.

MATERIALISM.

We find that there is very great crying now against the materialistic tendency of scientific teachings: and the wonder is that this crying comes chiefly from people whose religion through and through is very materialistic. Their heaven and hell are material. They speak of heaven as a *place*—of golden streets and material splendor. Hell is a fiery furnace. The soul at death emigrates to some material planet. So these anti-materialists often speak. They also dwell much on the material blood of Jesus, and material resurrection. And the great Judgment Day, to them, must be material. There must be a material gathering of all men, and Jesus is expected on a material throne in material clouds. These people think that if any of these things are to be understood spiritually, it would be a disappointment to them.

Most people called eminently spiritual, almost always associate souls in the future world with some material forms.

Often, on the other hand, we find that the scientific men called materialists, are not men given to carnal indulgences more than other men. They are very refined often in thoughts and feelings, and have high and noble conceptions. They call men's attention to the ethereal beauty of matter—its great mystery, its wonderful possibilities that transcend common thoughts about it. They do not ignore what are called spiritual qualities, such as temperance, purity, faithfulness, love, and generosity. So we apprehend no great danger from the study of matter and its wondrous potency and promise. We like the higher scientific materialism better than the common, gross religious materialism that blindly cries against the scientific.

LIBERTY.

This is one of the great watch-words of our age. Men make much ado about it socially and religiously. Some speak of it as if it is all that is needed to make everybody good.

Now we look at liberty as only space or opportunity to do good or evil. How hard it is to tell where its boundaries should be! For surely it should have some limitations. No man should be allowed all the liberty possible to do what he likes. The common way of speaking of the limits of personal liberty is to say that a man should be free to do as he pleases as far as he does not injure others. But here comes the rub—who is to be the judge concerning when a person injures others? A church may cast a real good man from its pulpit, and take from him the liberty of speaking there, because the church honestly thinks that he injures those he speaks to, when in reality, perhaps, he does them good by telling them truths they ought to hear. This is what churches have done thousands of times; and others of broader minds called it "tyranny." Then, those who called that "tyranny," and boasted of their liberty, would do the very same thing with a preacher in their own church who wanted liberty to tell what appeared to him true. And the fact is, there is no church, no congregation that will give liberty of speech to any man if he does not echo the hearer's ideas. There is no audience of Freethinkers to-day that will give any man liberty of speech only to a certain extent. If he goes over that boundary, they will cry—"Away with him!" How many different meanings we may yet give to the words "Liberty," "Religion," and the "Kingdom of God!" Perhaps it is good to leave them vague words, to which we may attach different meanings.

A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Is there such infinite moral difference between some human beings and others, so that some will be perfectly happy forever, and others completely miserable for never-ending ages? The affirmative answer to this question is a very generally accepted dogma in Christendom. On this the popular preaching is based. Does common-sense teach this? We know that thousands of great scholars and good men teach it. Millions are in deep anxieties all their life time, wanting to know surely whether they belong or not to the human portion that shall be everlastingly happy. Grant-

ing that this awful dogma is true, what a puzzle it is to know surely what makes the great difference between these two classes of men. We know that the best men are full of moral imperfections, very far from fulfilling the law of perfect manhood, and a great deal of, if not all, their superiority over the worst men comes from their better constitutions and better environments, for which they are not to be praised any more than for their peculiar features or the color of their hair. There is much badness in the best men, and some goodness in the worst men The best saints are great sinners; and the greatest sinners have some saintly qualities. And when we take everything into consideration, we find that all men are more equal morally, than we often imagine.

Whilst we maintain that right and wrong, truth and error, purity and corruption are forever separable, we find some degrees of both in all human beings. If this moral similarity of men were duly considered, what a change there would be in religious teaching and in social punishments! O for the power to make this plain from pulpits, so as to deliver men from unnecessary anxieties—from false sanctimoniousness, and yet make them alive to moral distinctions, and more appreciative of the excellency of goodness!

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND OUT OF THE PULPIT.

IV.

HUXLEY.

BY C. D. B. MILLS.

A prominent and assured place among the leading and representative men of our time, we must certainly recognize for the eminent scientist who is the subject of this sketch. By some he is ranked as standing foremost of all biologists, living or dead; by common consent he is admitted to be a mind of vast attainments in his own special realm, and of large acquaintance with sciences outlying, but cognate to, those of his province. He seems thoroughly at home in Geology, Palæontology, Ethnology, etc., as well as denizen of the realm in Natural History. He has wrought his impress very distinctly upon the age, and no account of our times, the present phase of intellectual life, and the tendencies of the period, would be complete that should omit recognition of his name and performance.

Thomas Henry Huxley was born in Ealing, in Middlesex, England, May 4th, 1825. His father was one of the masters of Ealing School, and the son spent two and one-half years there, but with that exception his education was carried on chiefly at home. Entered in 1842 in the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital, he was graduated in 1845 with the degree of M. B. from the University of London, where he stood second in the list for honors in Anatomy and Physiology. He served for some years as Assistant Surgeon in the Royal Navy, and in 1853 was appointed to succeed Prof. Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines, an office which he still holds. He has besides been a Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons, in 1870 was President of the British Association for the advancement of Science, has served upon the London School Board, and in 1872 was elected Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

His literary career he began while yet a student, and he has followed in that path steadily ever since, giving to the public from time to time works sometimes of popular interest, sometimes of strictly scientific, until now his writings published amount to a considerable number of volumes. It is well known that he has enriched science with several important discoveries, his own, and his name upon anything in the sphere of biological inquiry carries deservedly very great weight. Of his special attainment, or comparative place among his fellows in that field, the present writer has no competence to speak. He must be judged by his peers.

As a writer, Huxley has singular force and lucidity, as well as striking felicity of illustration, holding in firm grasp his subject, and pouring a strong light through his statement. The most commonplace and apparently trivial of themes become luminous, fruitful, richly suggestive under his treatment. He is described as being of marked gift as a platform speaker, delivering his thought off-hand, and showing remarkable power of concentration and ability to hold his hearers, however unfamiliar with his theme, in close attention to the end,—"a born orator," Mr. Smalley says of him. There is a flush of the poetic quality in his style, not prominent, but sufficient well to flavor; everywhere a transparent clearness, and often quaintness and wit.

He is well known to stand as a leading disciple and representative expositor of the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, and his writings in illustration and advocacy of that have given him a very prominent place among its defenders In his view evolution has passed the stage of probation as hypothesis or theory; it has become established as a scientific fact. In this country, in 1876, he declared that it "rests upon exactly as secure a foundation as the Copernican theory of the motions of the heavenly bodies." Again he says (address at Buffalo in August, 1876), "Evolution is a matter of fact and history, as much as the monuments of Egypt." And in a very recent utterance* he declares that "so far as the animal world is concerned, evolution is no longer a speculation, but a statement of historical fact." Tyndall says, speaking of the early articles of his on the origin of species: "He swept the curve of discussion through the really

* Lecture given at London, March 19th, 1880.

significant points of the subject, * * often summing up in a single pithy sentence an argument which a less compact mind would have spread over pages."

In his very remarkable lecture on the Physical Basis of Life, he opens before us with great clearness the phenomena of life, illustrating with striking aptitude from the needle of the nettle plant, its living protoplasm athrob with the pulsations of the living power in its bosom,—the granules of semi-fluid matter in that infinitesimal space, coursing swiftly in trains up and down the structure, some of them passing within one twenty-thousandth of an inch of each other, others colliding and struggling together until the weaker gives way. We are conducted to that primordial cell, that germ of molecular structure, from which all organisms are sprung. "As in the hair of the nettle, so in human veins, corpuscles of marvelous activity may be seen, analogous to those of the nettle, and differing in activity in the detail rather than the principle. Similar withal are found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered, in fact, through the whole frame-work of the body."

There are structureless or nearly structureless organisms, samples of which may be found in the depths of the sea to-day, which are protoplasm, each individual unit of which, a primitive cell,—cytod, as Hæckel calls it,—feeds, nourishes, sees, feels, so far as such operations are possible, indifferently from every part of the body, the beginning, and the simplest beginning that we can know, or as Hæckel says, *conceive*, of organized being and life. The human body itself is built up and wrought out from like cells, a nucleated mass of protoplasm is what may be termed "the structural unit of the human body." What a river from such a source! What a structure from such a beginning!

"As a matter of fact," Huxley says, "the body in its earliest state is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition is a multiple of such units variously modified." "In the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation," *i. e.*, corpuscles such as are found in the blood. (Lay Sermons, p. 127.) "In fact the development of the embryo," he says again, "is a recapitulation of the ancestral history of the species." (Art. Biology, in Encyc. Brittan.)

Difference of plane and of power is marked by difference of function and of parts, or is determined by "the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy."

At one end of the scale is Moner; at the other, Man. All are built of the same elements—so much carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and sulphur. "The great variety of vital phenomena," says Hæckel, "is the consequence of the infinitely delicate chemical difference in the composition of protoplasm." The atoms enter into an infinite number of diverse stratifications and combinations, and these are too fine and recondite as yet for chemistry to trace. In the moners we have the distant arch that spans the chasm dividing between organic and inorganic, or, rather, here we see the stream issuing from the non-living and marking the beginning of the living.

All life is the expression of molecular changes going forward in the protoplasm; every thought, every word, costs and has its equivalent in the consumption of the materials from which living structure is built up. The speaker literally burns that others may have light; "so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water and urea."

With eye keen and searching, and a brain capacious "like the storehouse of the rains," Huxley seizes the facts, the *cardinal and profoundly significant facts*, in his theme, and presents them before you in their order. He reads them with an almost preternatural apprehension; he deciphers nature and penetrates her secrets. He is one of those minds that you feel that you can lean upon as natively and intuitively wise. In his paper on Spontaneous Generation, he gives a masterly *resume* of the course of investigation thus far on that difficult and intensely interesting subject, and makes it bear, as he is apt to do all his things, for high practical ends. The subject of Yeast is wonderfully fruitful of suggestions under his handling, and so the Chalk and the Coal. He takes up man's place in Nature, and shows you by plain demonstration that "the anatomical differences between man and the highest apes are of less value than those between the highest and the lowest apes."

What a bold and pregnant suggestive thought is in the hint that all the future of the world, all its actual and possible of history, was wrapped up in the cosmic vapor! "The existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapor, and a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapor, have predicted, say the state of the Fauna in Britain in 1869, with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapor of the breath in a cold winter's day." In the last paper we have seen from him,—the address given in March last,—he intimates that the missing links are being filled, the gaps approximately closed, so that we begin to see how the transition may have been made from invertebrate to vertebrate animals, from flowerless to flowering plants, and are able to fill in that borderland which divides animal from plant life, inasmuch as organisms are found which belong unequivocally neither to the one nor the other, but in degree to both.

The question comes up, how stands the account of this eminent scientist with society, with mankind, in respect to the *spiritual* and the *moral?* Is he materialist? Do his inculcations tend to uproot sense of responsibility in man, and quench belief in the existence of any spiritual or personal being, even the existence of the human soul? Many will say, Yes. He, emphatically to the charge of being a materialist, would say, No. And I think we must in justice acquit him of that charge. He takes no side for materialist in any controversy there may be between him and spiritualist or idealist. He ac-

counts the point at issue between them of slight importance. "Matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter,—each statement has a certain truth." But he says, "I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error." To him that doctrine is a form of dogmatism, and he leaves materialism and idealism unaccepted, deeming the one and the other forever futile attempts to penetrate and deal with that which in the nature of the case must be transcendent and inaccessible. In his paper upon Berkeley's "Metaphysics of Sensation," after recounting Berkeley's argument which he considers irrefragable, he says: "If I were compelled to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative." The term *agnoiologist*,—an awkward word, but one necessary here,—we suppose, describes him; he knows nothing, thinks it not possible to know anything on these subtle and transcendent issues, and so he will not affirm for either. Speculatively the problem may be insoluble; speculatively it may matter little whether one accept the idealistic view or not, practically it may be of quite vital consequence.

Huxley uses language at times in a sort of bold and unguarded manner, which opens the way readily for the reader to believe him pure materialist. In his paper on the Physical Basis of Life, he declares it the abiding mission of science to secure the gradual banishment from all regions of human thought, of what we call spirit and spontaneity. In his Life of Hume, one of his latest works, he says, "what we call the operations of the mind, are functions of the brain." Again, that "all mental states are effects of physical causes;" that "what are called mental faculties and operations are, properly speaking, cerebral functions." "Cabanis may have made use of crude and misleading phraseology when he said that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, but the conception which that much-abused phrase embodies is, nevertheless, far more consistent with fact than the popular notion that the mind is a metaphysical entity, seated in the head, but as independent of the brain as a telegraph operator is of his instrument."

To understand him well in these seemingly extreme utterances, we need to examine the context, to take the essays through. In the first quoted passage he presumably can only mean the elimination of spirit from the world, in the sense of the casting out of the limitary, anthropomorphic conception, the *Deus ex machina*, from men's minds. Eliminate spirit? Why, he himself declares that the theology of the present, become more scientific than that of the past, "begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs, and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions by worship 'for the most part of the silent sort' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable." In the other case,—of the expressions in regard to the mind,—it appears that he holds and would only affirm the doctrine of the intimate and indissoluble relation of mental to physical, in connection and full harmony with the idea that the mind may be, for ought we know, a Leibnitzian monad or a Fichtean world-generating ego. In the Critiques and Addresses (paper upon Mr. Darwin's Critics), he says: "I know nothing whatever, and never hope to know anything, of the steps by which the passage from molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected;" and he assents to the statement of Tyndall in regard to this matter, which is more broad and positive in the same direction.

It is to be admitted, however, that there is a limitation, a lack in this mind; it is partial, it does not justly meet the requirements of our higher, more ethereal nature. His thought runs preponderantly on the plane of the empirical, the physical fact and law. The bias of his mind is that way; it is thoroughly English in its type. It is the understanding that seeks everywhere to be bottomed on the hard facts of the seen and palpable, and cares not greatly for the inner and transcendent realities.

In his Hume, the philosophy is pitched almost wholly to the key of the sensuous. There is utmost endeavor to explore and explain all from the experience and impressions of sense, and the recognition of the higher and more in our consciousness, which sense, however, it may serve as occasion to, can never generate, is scanty, partial and very incomplete. It is largely an unillumined world; there is no glow, augury, or enlarging, uplifting horizon. In his chapter upon Liberty and Necessity, he comes perilously near, if he does not fully reach, the denial of all free volitive power in man. Our actions are determined by necessity, and the affirmed consciousness of the freedom of the will he calls a "sophism." The entire chapter is signally lacking in clearness, and Huxley seems this time deserted of his usual keen and penetrating perception. Elsewhere, however, referring to this never-ending conflict regarding the will, he affirms that it will in his judgment remain for all time a drawn battle, and "this result, for all practical purposes, is as good as anthropomorphism winning the day." To such conclusion, any, we deem, may well assent. The riddle speculatively can never be solved, but no theory may be admitted that would blot out human personality, and annihilate responsibility. He corrects Hume's Primary Geography of the human mind, supplying sundry important omissions, but his own Geography needs correcting and enlarging also. Expectation is but "inverted memory," nothing more; no room left here for ideals, which however related as they always are indissolubly to historic and actual, are ever present and transcendent, greater than all experiences beside.

There is entire lack of recognition of the symbolism of the world, the fact that all we see is but intimation of an infinite unseen, and that we live perpetually in presence both of vail and revelation, time but shadow, hint of the eternal, and eternal dwelling incarnate in this world of time, rendering all our life illumined, hallowed, filled with a majesty awe-inspiring and sublime. On this side there seems a measure of torpor in his mind, a dimness or defect in the vision, and his writings, however

wise, keen, sparkling and witty, full of instruction and quickening even, will always leave a want unmet to the thoughtful and religious spirit.

The corrective and antidote to this excessive tendency to the mere empiric, the world of the sensuous understanding alone, we find in the Orient, in the meditations and dreams if you will, "flights of the alone to the alone," of Hindoo and Persian mystics. They saw the unseen, they "found eternity in time," they penetrated the realm of Substance, and rose to heights of pure poetry in celebrating their enrapturing vision. This also is to have its recognition, and our materialistic, one-sided culture is to be supplemented and filled out from these sources.

But the Chinese have a maxim that we are to seek not every quality in one person, and it is said that "it requires the whole church to preach the whole gospel." So perhaps we are not to expect of a great biologist, and certainly very able philosopher also, that he should be full-rounded on the side of the spiritual, the ethereal. Youmans says, "All minds are fissured with incapacities in one direction or another, clipped away on this side or that,—all are fragmentary." And the Hebrew Testament declares that even the archangels are chargeable with folly.

Take him, however, in his own realm, and Huxley stands pre-eminent, in some points peerless. How wise he is upon education, upon the study of Nature and the true method of mastering her and extorting her secrets! How he divines the facts, and with sun-clearness presents them! Sir William Jones, speaking of Rousseau, says his pen "had the property of spreading light before it on the darkest subjects, as if he had *written with phosphorus on the sides of a cavern.*" We might fitly apply that to this man. We cannot within these limits adduce instances; they will readily come to any one at all conversant with his writings.

There are good definitions and a Franklin-like wisdom; indeed I suppose the definitions scattered about in his writings are models of succinctness and perspicuity. Education is "learning the rules of this mighty game," which man is called to play,—"That burning thirst for excellence which is called genius." He stands the apostle of the *Physical Piety.* His motto is "the people perish through lack of knowledge," and he seeks to illumine that mind, and deliver from the evils, physical and other, that infest humanity. The field is vast and unwrought. The call is high; there is work and welcome for such a prophet. Emerson says Robert Owen did not exaggerate the power of circumstance.

He treats with respect the religious sentiment, and honors and can appreciate, if he may not company, those who stand for the superlative claim of the ideal and the spiritual. "I understand and I respect the meaning of the word 'soul,' as used by Pagan and Christian philosophers, for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love, * and if I am not satisfied with the evidence that is afforded to me that such a soul and such a future life exists, I am content to take what is to be had, and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer and fuller."

Again: "And as there are Pascals and Mogarts, Newtons and Raffaelles, in whom the innate faculty for science or art seems to need but a touch to spring into full vigor, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty: so there have been men of moral genius, to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have attained, though, happily for them, they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imagination, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world."

All honor to these apostles and prophets of knowledge,—men who are opening before us the portals of Nature, showing us the inner secret of the world! Man's hunger for this possession will never be quenched; he will seek and quaff at this fountain, on and on without end. The deeper the soul drinks, the keener the thirst, the invitation and the supply ever more and more. Unite this thought with the moral; blend, saturate it with the deepest, highest sentiment in man, and it shall be approximately as aught can be that we can now conceive, the perfect culture, the final religion.

Here is a rising star, a new dynasty coming to power. It has destiny behind it. It bears messages of service and grace for humanity. These men are Baptists in the wilderness, forerunners, harbingers of the Most High, who shall pave the way for the inauguration on earth of the kingdom of the skies.

A LESSON FROM SOCRATES.

BY W. M. SALTER.

The interest of many religious thinkers at the present day centers in scientific questions. Is matter the ultimate reality? Are all things governed by necessary laws? Is life any more than complicated mechanism? Are thought and feeling functions of the brain? Is there design in nature or only blind necessity? Conservative men are anxious to prove that there is only one set of rational answers, those in harmony with the views of the old theology; and those who are not so anxious, yet regard it as their duty to speak much about these questions, and to show, whichever way they are answered, that the religious sentiments may adapt themselves accordingly. A list of books given by an eminent Boston clergyman in UNITY some time since for the benefit of inquiring persons included almost exclusively such as have a bearing on theories of the world, and of the origin and early history of man. It was apparently felt that these were the first, most fundamental, objects of interest, though they were to be approached and studied, not in the old dogmatic, but in the scientific spirit. The controversies about Evolution and

Creation, Natural and Supernatural, that take up so much time whenever any number of religious people get together, plainly indicate that these are, to their minds, important religious questions.

Now to parallel these intellectual conditions with those that existed in the time of Socrates, may seem extravagant; yet in a general, not an exact and detailed way, we may do so. The questions that had interested the thinkers among the Greeks before Socrates were, in general, of a scientific nature. There was certainly some difference in spirit and method from our scientific men, else we should imagine they would have reached some more positive and definite results; but they were concerned about the same objects, the material elements and forces, the heavenly bodies, life, and the kosmos, and sought, under the impulse of the same cravings that we have, for an explanation or theory of things. Xenophon, in his "Memorabilia of Socrates," (I. i. ii.) says it was about "the nature of things" that "most other philosophers disputed, speculating how that which is called, by sophists, *the world* (*kosmos*) was produced, and by what necessary laws everything in the heavens is effected." Now in regard to the nature of things, or the constitution of the kosmos, Socrates was a good deal of an agnostic. He did not know much about it, and, moreover, did not think anyone knew, and herein explained the utterance of the oracle about his wisdom, not that he knew, but that he knew the limits of his knowledge. These limits, too, were not self-imposed, but from a higher appointment; and he did not believe "that those acted dutifully toward the gods who inquired into things which they did not wish to make known." (Mem. IV. 7. 6.) And we may imagine it was with a touch of humor that he warned those anxious about such investigations that they might lose their senses like Anaxagora, "who prided himself on *explaining the plans of the gods.*" But it was not from a mere lack of curiosity, or of the scientific impulse, that Socrates spoke in this way. He had a positive interest in other matters, and it was because these were so prominently before his mind that the ordinary inquiries of philosophers lost their interest to him. He quaintly asked those who inquired so searchingly into physical phenomena, whether from learning the laws by which everything takes place, they expected to produce results, such as wind, rain, or changes of the season at their pleasure (I. 1. 15.) That he should raise such a question shows to us how much the practical impulses prevailed in him over the scientific. The scientific student, pure and simple, cares nothing for results or practical uses; to know the facts is enough. He perhaps best learns the facts by entirely "immersing himself" in them, (to use a Hegelian phrase) and forgetting that he has any personal interests or that there are any uses which his knowledge might serve. But whatever may be the worth or dignity of this spirit, Socrates was possessed by another. His object was not to find out things as they are, but *to make things better.* Now man cannot improve nature, and, indeed, Socrates had a kind of reverence for natural processes which would have resented any tampering with them as impiety. But man can improve himself and men about him, and can summon and use his and their powers for noble ends. It was this practical and moral impulse that moved Socrates, and that became so strong, so much of a passion and a necessity, that he felt it was a Divine power working through him, giving him a sacred trust and mission. Cicero distinctly recognizes this change in philosophy which Socrates made in his well-known passage, "Calling down philosophy from the heavens he placed her in cities, introduced her into private families, and compelled her to inquire concerning human life, morals and the good and evil of every nation." (Tusc. Disp. V. 4. 10.) "For himself," as Xenophon tells us, "he would hold discourse," not on the origin of things, or the laws of nature, but "on what concerned mankind, considering what was pious or what impious, what was becoming, what unbecoming, what was just, what unjust, what was sanity, what insanity, what was fortitude, what cowardice, what a State was and what the character of a statesman, what was the nature of government over men and the qualities of one skilled in governing them," and those who were ignorant in regard to such matters he deemed "no better than slaves." (I. 1. 16.)

Am I mistaken in thinking there is a lesson here for us to-day? A true theory of the universe is, indeed, a desirable theory, and we need not be as agnostic as to despair of attaining it. But is it the first thing, is it the thing that most concerns the *religious* leader of to-day? What a change of base it would be if instead of laboring after an understanding of life, of the soul, of the early history of man, we should ask first and foremost, in the spirit of Socrates, "What is just and what unjust," and scan our present social and industrial conditions to see where "the just" ought to be and where "the unjust" is. What a change if instead of curiously questioning and theorizing about the future life, we should ask first what is the true idea of a state here, what is the nature of civil government, to the end that the present world may become something not so utterly unlike a "kingdom of heaven." Religion shapes itself differently to different minds, and probably there is nothing that calls itself by so sacred a name that has not something about it elevating to the human spirit. It may be a blissful state of feeling that knows not how or whence it came; it may be a worshipful recognition of a Divine order in nature; it may be the love and reverence for some son of man; but again it may shape itself as *doing a work in the world*, a work which is not of our own invention or choosing, though it takes all our powers to do it, a work which we must do, and where we find the highest, the Divine, not without, in fair scenes or nature, nor in the actual state of human society, but in the idea we have of *what ought to be*, and in the strong impulsion that makes us work for its realization. To one who feels in this way there are subjects more important than the nature of life or the origin of man. An ingenuous person will, indeed, be ready for any light on these subjects, and will be predisposed to look fa-

vorably on the results of the investigations of such free and patient and laborious students as modern science counts among its representatives. But it will be other studies than "scientific" that will particularly engage him, and none of his study will be done with a purely scientific interest, but always with the final aim of bettering and elevating his fellow men. *Political Economy* will be one of his first studies, for thereby he learns the real, fundamental nature of human society, not the dates and events and personages of history, but the underlying forces which have given in their varied play and manifestation the significance to most events and personages. He sees that men are not primarily seekers after truth or lovers of duty, which one would suppose them to be from hearing some sermons, but that they are toilers for their "daily bread," and that much of life and duty and of truth has to do just with this toil and struggle, that life is in being successful in it, that justice is in each man's having the honest results of his struggle, and that the most pressing "truth" is that which, being learned, makes the struggle less and leaves man a chance for other employments. *Political Science* will be another study, for it treats first of the inquiries of Socrates, "what a State is, what the character of a statesman, what the nature of government." He who has no well grounded theory of government is not in position to judge one way or another of the Socialistic phenomena already so prominent in Europe, and destined to become more and more so in our own country. Here is included, too, the theory, historically, at the foundation of our own constitution, and the developments and changes that have taken place since in our constitutional history. The subjects of *Charity* (looking after those who are unfortunate) and of *Education* (keeping them from becoming unfortunate) are also of immediate importance. If a man consecrates himself to the service of mankind and finds his religion is doing a work in the world, none of these "secular" concerns can be regarded by him as secondary. Rather do we believe that a new, ethical and humanitarian religion will take them all up and give to them all a sacredness. Christianity at its beginning expected to right the wrongs of the world and establish a better human society by a Divine intervention, by a coming of the Christ to judgment, frankly giving up any such faith, knowing that right and a better social order will come only as we make them come, finding the Divine rather in the necessity laid upon us that we *do* make them come. Shall we not seriously set ourselves to the work, studying, planning, working with our might to this end?

MONUMENTS.

BY ALURA COLLINS.

This word naturally calls to your mind and mine, at first thought, a picture of a peaceful graveyard with white stones shining between the green boughs of the trees; or perhaps it brings to mind a lofty pile in some great city, with a loved and honored name inscribed upon it; and with these thoughts come thoughts of the dear ones gone. The thoughts come as they ought, because the monument is a memorial, a *something* that causes us to remember. And so constituted are we that a monument to a name unknown to us yet brings sadly joyful thoughts of many a name unknown to the world, unremembered perhaps except by one or two loving hearts. So soon do we forget. But I wish not to speak of gleaming marble, of polished granite, or lofty piles, but of monuments of another kind,—the kind which is reared unconsciously to the memory of one whose earthly work is done,—the monuments of earthly immortality, whose foundations are laid by ourselves in our daily living, and whose fair proportions rise day by day, crowning the foundation we so unconsciously lay. What other monument to our memory is needed? What other immortality can be so full of meaning as this one,—this fair building in minds all about us? Think you William Wilberforce needs any other monument than this gigantic one of human happiness, brought into the world by his great exertions? A hundred years has it been building since his hand and voice laid the foundations,—a belief in human equality before the law. The first fruits of these earnest words of his manifested themselves in the liberation of the British slave, and slowly but surely has the idea gone on. Other fair monuments are reared about this one, all in the cause of human liberty, and on them we may read the cherished names of Charles Sumner, Owen Lovejoy, Horace Greeley and John Brown. Among these monuments we find not alone those built in the cause of physical liberty, but mental liberty also. So many fair, gleaming monuments are in this cause that we cannot stop to count them, nor even to read the names inscribed on their white surfaces. Here and there rises one far above the rest. They bear the names of those who gave up their all of life for freedom of thought for the world. Here we see gleaming, the names standing for truth, which means truth to us, Aristotle, Hypatia, Plato, Galileo, Confucius, Priestley, Luther, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln; and high above all, the pure, pearly column, with the name "Jesus" inscribed thereon.

And humbler but not less mighty are the legions of white headstones, memorials of work done by common men and women like you and me, in the humbler walks of life. We may not point to some mighty work of theirs, but only to the helping done by them. We only remember, as we look at the unobtrusive stone, that the one of whom it speaks "looked up, not down,—out, not in, and lent a hand." There is no work of ours which is lost; it all goes to build up these life mementoes. It remains with us, then, to build slowly, carefully, and truthfully, that there may be no flaw in the white marble.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally, we manage to live without superiors.—*Emerson.*

The Unity Club.

Under this head will be devoted a page of each number to the study of that phase of social helpfulness and intellectual co-operation, represented by the various literary and educational societies that may be grouped around this name. Reports of work accomplished, programmes of study, questions, difficulties, and healthful hints for this department are solicited.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT CLUB, JANESVILLE.

We have read with interest the "Unity Club" report in UNITY of August 1st, by Miss Beals. In that paper the Janesville Club figures largely, and under that type of Club which works "for the individual culture or amusement of its members." This type the writer subordinates to her second classification, or those Clubs which work "for the improvement of town or city enterprises, either by raising money for the support of different charities, or the introduction of new schemes of improvement for the city population at large." By analysis we read her two types, *Charity versus Character.* Character is our ideal. This means not "individual culture," each absorbing into self all that will swell his egotistical proportions, but *culture of the individual*, which is work in the line of our Concord seer's prophecy, when he says that the hope of the nation is in the culture of the individual. All growths in nature are from a center outward Character is that center, Charity only one of its many circumferences. As a question of highest good ultimately, the charity problem reduced to its simplest form is, is it better to shove the stranded thoughtlessly out to sea, rudderless and aimless, than to direct a way by which he may again put to sea ship-shape? And here we say our most hearty *yes* to a plea for the *broadest human sympathy.*

We have aimed to hold open doors to all; have never become a church Club. We heartily welcome and tender opportunities and enjoyment to everyone. With a given center the radii of our Club circles have always been represented by x. Hence its work will verify that other geometrical fact that around any point as a center, circumferences can be described at any distance from that center, and "We spend our lives in apprenticeship to this fact that around every circle another can be drawn," affording at once the closest union and the greatest freedom. Hence it was inevitable that at the close of each meeting the Circle should "break up into its infinite possibilities" to re-form at the next session still with an x radius.

We say, emphatically, the Club must, like the healthy plant, be the outgrowth of its surroundings and be shaped by them. Still further, in a large way, should the facts hold good, and the crab-tree growth look towards the apple, the riper Baldwin and Spitzenberg, true to

"An instinct within it that reaches and towers."

A young people's social Club. to work for the church, meant highest Mutual Improvement to the Janesville Club at its formation six years ago. Step by step has change crept in until those words now stand for a "real earnest study Club whose vitality is literature and the social fellowship it brings." *Bruederschaft und Bildung*, "Fellowship and Culture," we echo as our motto.

The noble words of its *Object* in existing, quoted by Miss Beals, its ideals set in the future, forbid its work being measured to selfish ends, to "individual culture or amusement of its members" alone. Its work centers an ever widening circle of influence, as widens the circles of motion about the stone dropped into quiet water. To the home it would bring the culture and helpfulness there is in home study. There is more safety in the number of comfortable homes a nation has than in the strength of its standing army, is some one's thought.

Not only "has it enlarged the possibilities of culture in its own town" but those possibilities have extended to neighboring towns near, and some remote have used its programmes and methods as foundation stones, and, lastly, its crude beauty has been idealized by Miss Beals in her Report.

By means of a select library and well directed work in sources of living thought, would the Club "direct the reading of the community into vital channels?" Says the philosopher, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who make its laws." This Club seeks to grow a social fellowship and sympathy *with* humanity *through* humanity's thoughts and strivings. Letters, Art and Life are verities cosmopolitan and lasting. Humiliating is it, in truth, when hand and heart and mouth do best open with sympathy over the smoking tea and coffee, sandwich and cake. By all means eat together, but this sociality is one of our parish activities and but intrudes on intellectual work.

The social life of the Club has gracefully arranged itself. It consists of the season's opening and closing reunions, the short friendly chats of a few minutes after each meeting before the lights are put out, and the fellowship there is in the freer interchange of ideas. The young folks have ample opportunity to "sun all the dark corners out of their natures at the semi-monthly socials, which are parish and not literary, and they have a joyful social home in the Dramatic section of the club, which terminates its entertainments with a social and dance. We can see the mission of the Young Folk's section of Club work, but have not thus far had the surplus strength to initiate a work which must serve as the bridge to cross from the joy that is Play to the joy that is Work. Not always is it sociability, but helpful work, that is needed to brighten the dark clouds gathered around an unfortunate life. There is a waking and quickening throb in the great thoughts of great souls that takes hold of the sad-faced and brings rest with it. The lonely woman in her isolated prairie log-house *did* find a better aid in Longfellow's tender poem, "Maidenhood," which she had pasted over her kitchen work-table, I venture to say, than she could have received from our most hospitable social. The beauty in those dark brown eyes, "like the dusk in the evening skies," had tempered the restless fire in her own. Not all of these log houses stand isolated on prairie wilds; more of them than we can believe front the broadest streets of our largest cities.

In behalf of the "echoes ~~of~~ hearty laughter" missing from this Club's reports, must it be said that it is the secretary who has been the dead wall to the reflection of their helpful sound. We hold that "there's fun in *work*, lots of it."

"Work, you have no conception how 'twill sweeten,
Your views of Life and Nature, God and Man,"

says Lowell and say we. R. H., Sec'y.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S CLUB, BOSTON.

The most admirable report, or essay, as it also is, of Miss Beals in the first August number of UNITY, must act as suggestion, encouragement or admonition to every town or city with or without clubs. We have never seen their influence and scope better set forth. Each club would probably desire to be a partial representative of both types,—"(1) the indi-

vidual culture or amusement of its members, (2) the improvement and aid of town or city enterprises;" but must not the complex interests of a large city life gradually tend towards placing a city club under the first type only? The introduction of a course of lectures, as effected by the Cincinnati club, though most wise and useful, hardly atones for "private meetings held very irregularly." It is just these private meetings which constitute the essence of club life. All kinds of associations can conduct benevolent enterprises as well as clubs, but the latter must start in circles, "breaking up into infinite possibilities," and must live in circles again. The New England Women's Club in Boston is such a network of circles. Its largest boundary takes in two hundred members, on payment of $10 each, yearly. It rents a house, and under-lets all the apartments it does not need. Its rooms are open all and every day. On Monday afternoons a paper is read, and discussion follows. There are four committees who plan for these afternoon meetings: the Art and Literature, which chooses a speaker and subject kindred to its name; the Work Committee, which takes up some practical topic; and the Education Committee and the Discussion Committee. The last selects essayists from club members only, while on the other afternoons the speakers are gentlemen or ladies of distinction and power. Every subject is freely discussed by all present who have courage or ability to express themselves. Both the papers presented and the discussion vary in interest and value. Once a month all members stay to a tea of bread and butter, after which the President, Mrs. Howe, calls them to silence, and brilliant witticisms, apt stories, and original poems follow each other in unpremeditated order. The Business Committee, under the Board of Directors, composed of thirty women, supervise all financial details.

The circles within the circle are "groups" of women, voluntarily associated, each with a leader, who study German, French, History, English Literature, Botany, Elocution. Some join for the sake of companionship, others because such groups offer an economical method of studying; good solid work is required and given. Occasional lunches and receptions in honor of some stranger guest occurs, and now and then comes a rare time like the celebration of the anniversary of Michael Angelo's birth, or that in honor of Allston, which will take place this fall.

Such is the groundwork of the largest New England Club, which is followed in other towns, though with minor differences. Those in smaller places can do more for the towns, whilst that in Boston, though working at first for public causes and still being often the starting point in thought for some philanthropic scheme, has yet found it best to work chiefly within its membership, with social, kindly and intellectual aims.

K. G. W.

THE EAST END CONVERSATIONAL, CLEVELAND.

Another little stream that is slowly, surely undermining old ruins of obsolete ideas and accepted opinions, is the literary societies. Of one only can I speak from observation, but I am sure wherever they are started they must do great good. The one I allude to, the East End Conversational, is made up of twenty-five women in East Cleveland, who have *views*. These views lead them to read Emerson and his kind, to read Macaulay and *his* kind, Shakespeare, Burns, Bryant and all of *that* kind, and to make delightful homes as well. Into a sad heart they pour the oil of consolation in the form of forgetfulness of self; they take the conceit out of any Ego who slips in, by showing her how little *anyone* knows; they instruct and support each other, and go on sewing on buttons and darning stockings, looking after the servantt and *keeping the flies out* just as well, and better, than before there was a conversational.—*Exchange.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Under this head will be noticed all books, pamphlets, and magazines received at this office from publishers, with price and such editorial comment as our space will admit; also such news of literary activities as will be most welcome to the liberal reader.

Any publications noticed in this column can be ordered from this office.

THE MODERN REVIEW, a quarterly, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. January, April and July, 1880. Published in London, through Geo. H. Ellis, 101 Milk street, Boston, agent for United States.

TALKS ABOUT JESUS, by M. J. Savage. Published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston; pp. 165; $1.00.

THE MORALS OF EVOLUTION, by M. J. Savage. Published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston; pp. 191; $1.00.

INSTITUTE ESSAYS, read before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R. I., October, 1879; with an introduction by Henry W. Bellows, D. D. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 101 Milk street; pp. 280; $1.25.

HALF A CENTURY, by Jane Grey Swisshelm. Published by herself, Chicago; pp. 363; $1.50.

HYMNS FOR THEISTS, collected by E. P. Powell, published by the Independent Religious Society, of Utica, N. Y., 115 hymns, pp. 82.

In Hymns for Theists Mr. Powell has made another attempt to give a collection of hymns which rational religionists may use without being disturbed by what the Ladies' Commission mark as "o. d.," odious doctrine. The book reflects Mr. Powell's strength and characteristics. It is more of a theological than a literary success. Combined with many a noble hymn are those that are too doctrinal to sing well, and such poor poetry that they do not read well. But such a collection is always of great service to the latitude and longitude for which they were prepared, for they have a home flavor, and the Utica Society will doubtless be greatly aided in its worship by this book compiled for them in such a rigidly honest spirit.

That the Ministers' Institute held at Providence, R. I., in October, 1879, under the auspices of the National Unitarian Conference, produced papers of permanent value, is evidenced by the fact that at this somewhat late date, Geo. H. Ellis, the publisher, has deemed it wise to put them into a handsome volume. But a better evidence of this fact is found in the names of the writers and the importance of their subjects. Professors Everett, Ezra Abbot and F. E. Abbot, Rabbi Gottheil and Reverends Calthrop, Chadwick, Tiffany, Harrison and Batchelor here speak of questions, Theological, Biblical and Ethical, in a way to make the volume an attractive one for the study table and a valuable one for the library shelf.

THE MODERN REVIEW.—I would like to call the attention of Western Liberals to this new quarterly magazine, edited by one of the ablest of the younger Unitarian ministers of England—Richard Acland Armstrong. A year ago *The Theological Review*, edited by Charles Beard, ceased to be. It had been very scholarly, and had gathered to its pages the contributions of the "broad" thinkers of other churches besides the Unitarian, but was a little weighted down by the length and learning of its articles, and after doing a very good but limited work for sixteen years, it was discontinued. It was then that a knot of younger men resolved to try if the

experiment of a rather lighter magazine might not be more successful, and the *Modern Review*, of which the third number is just issued, is the result. Instead of five or six articles of twenty or thirty pages each, we have here from a dozen to fifteen contributions, some of them indeed of the old *Review* calibre, but many of them shorter and more popular both as to subject and treatment. When we mention as among its contributors D. W. B. Carpenter, the eminent scientist; J. Allanson Picton, (Congregationalist); Charles Shakespeare and John Owen, of the Episcopal church; Father Charraud, of the French Reformed church; Frances Power Cobbe; Robert Collyer, who has a capital sketch of the Monks of Bolton Abbey in the last number; Kuenen, Charles Voysey, F. W. Newman, with others of not less ability, though perhaps less generally known, we have said enough to guarantee its genuine interest and value. The subscription is only $3 a year, which may be sent to Geo. H. Ellis, 101 Milk street, Boston, the agent for the *Modern Review* in this country. B. H.

TALKS ABOUT JESUS.—In eight sermons published in a small volume, M. J. Savage presents careful studies of the life of Jesus, and some of the doctrines of the Christian church, viewed in the light of modern research and rational investigation. While laying no claim to originality, the arguments are stated with admirable vigor and clearness.

It is well when the spirit and life are in danger of being overlaid and lost in shallow profession and party distinctions, to startle people out of their idle complacency, arouse them to honest thought and study, and bring them face to face with the religious problems of the day as history and science present them. He traces the growth of many of the doctrines, now considered necessary to salvation, to their sources in the grossest superstition, and their promulgation to the most disgraceful measures. He shows how the pure, loving spirit of Jesus was too lofty for the comprehension of a wonder-loving, myth-making people; how miracle and legend clustered around him till it is only by the most careful study that the true outlines of the central figure can be traced.

The day is slowly passing when "absolute credulity, miscalled faith, can be preached as the highest of all virtues, and doubt or a demand for proof be stigmatized as the deadliest of sins;" and such books as the present are major helps in hastening the departure of that day.

The book is well adapted to the needs of the questioner, coming as it does from one who "has fought over the whole ground of modern scepticism in a hand-to-hand contest with its shadows and facts." M. R. G.

HALF A CENTURY, BY JANE GREY SWISSHELM.—An autobiography always labors under the disadvantage of the prominence of the pronoun I. To tell one's own story is really a very serious undertaking. It is a more difficult matter usually for a man or woman to understand themselves, their motives of action, the secret springs of thought and feeling, than it is to judge of these things in another. Persons often refuse to give a reason for an act—not because they *won't*, as the world supposes, but because they *can't*. They do not understand it themselves—"it did itself;" why, they know not. A creation comes within the limits of humanity to understand—each thought and act are according to the set principle or law of that creation, but a living, breathing, thinking, throbbing human being can only be understood by its Creator. Even the tale of one's life told by one's self, no matter how plainly written, every act laid bare, still carries with it the incomprehensible mystery that envelopes every human soul. There are longings to do one thing, bright visions of success and satisfaction in doing it, but our life's energies take another direction. Why? We cannot tell any more than Mrs. Swisshelm seems to account for her not becoming an artist when the great longing to give her life to it took possession of her, and she gave it up "to do her duty as housekeeper for her husband, and keep herself in woman's sphere for a time, and then to find herself an editor." We are impelled more or less forcibly by an internal power we wot not of. We are not altogether "the child of circumstances." Our surroundings do not make us; they only help to mould us. The impelling force comes from within. We must feed that force, guard, guide it.

In the book before us we are filled with yearning and compassion for that wise baby of two and a half years who "had made some progress in the art of reading and sewing, saying catechism and prayers," and six months later "had learned to read the New Testament readily and was deeply grieved that my pastor played 'patty cake' with my hands instead of hearing me recite my catechism and talking of original sin," and had already been awakened to a "sense of sin" and her "undone condition." What a horrible nightmare for that delicate, tender babe! No wonder she only grew to a "wee bit of a woman," so weighted down in infancy with the thought "that such a worm of the dust could be aught to the Creator but a subject of punishment." As she dawned into womanhood, came the unfortunate marriage of two young souls where there could be no unity of interest, no harmony; each must live with, but not for, the other. It was a prolonged antagonism, notwithstanding he could say he believed her "the best woman God ever made;" and she, "that there never was a time when my husband's strong right arm would not be tempered to infantile gentleness to tend me in illness, or when he hesitated to throw himself between me and danger." The conflict was the ever-recurring Christian (?) warfare of sect. "It required no worldly motive to stimulate these fiery zealots' (her husband's friends) "to save a sinner from Calvinism. It is probable many of them would have laid down their lives for their religion. * * My kith and kin had died at the stake, bearing testimony against popery and prelacy; had fought on those fields where Scotchmen charged in solid columns, singing psalms; and though I was wax at all other points, I was granite on 'the Solemn League and Covenant.'"

In her Louisville life she gives us some very black pictures of that sad blot on America's fair fame,—Slavery,—taken from life. It stirred her to the quick, and after her return to Pittsburg she takes up her pen in the interest of the Liberty Party, "expecting social ostracism. Instead of shame there came a crop of glory." And now she is fairly launched upon the sea of political life; visits Washington and writes up our great men there with a courage masculine editors and reporters had not. It was at a momentous time, when the "Fugitive Slave Bill" was pending, and Northern men quaked and quailed and sank beneath the slime never to rise pure and clean again, while some of the Southerners stood up loyal and refused to blast their fair fame by so foul an act,—stood by the right and the spirit of Freedom. Men who were thought to be perfect bulwarks of virtue she found "permeated with rottenness and tottering on the brink of ruin." She did not hesitate for fear of consequences to give the public the benefit of her study among political men.

Her St. Cloud, Minn., life was full of peril and warfare. Mrs. S. was not a woman who would submit to enforced silence when she felt called upon to lift up her voice in the interest of Freedom. Slavery had planted itself in this Northern soil and was determined by brute force to hold sway, and did by sheer bullyism succeed very largely in doing so here, as elsewhere.

Then comes the struggle of '59–'60, when every man, woman and child was stirred and thrilled by the momentous issues of the day. It was a time when God called men to acquit them like men, and dare to stand by their convictions, be true to themselves and true to the spirit of Freedom and Right. It was a time when women felt called upon to assert themselves, to stand up loyally and urge men to speak and act; a time when the nation was bracing itself for the terrible conflict to follow. During the early part of the Rebellion she labored in her office and out of it, taking an active, aggressive part in political matters, amid the conflict and tumult of departing soldiers, the petty warfare (without firearms) of politicians, and the horrible Indian massacres. She has no patience with the sympathizers of "Poor Lo," nor the action of the government toward the Indians, and doubtless finds a fellow-feeling in too many who have come in close contact with the "noble red man."

Thence we follow her to Washington again, where she finds a mission as a hospital nurse. Here she found no end of red tape, and we grow indignant with her over the treatment of "our brave boys in blue" when maimed and sick. The tale is not new to those of us who had friends among the patients, but it always brings a fresh burst of indignation. We know she is right when she tells us that "a man of pure life and sanguine temperament was hard to kill. A tobacco chewer or smoker died on small provocation. A drunkard or debauchee was killed by a scratch." In her tale of hospital life she spares neither nurses, surgeons, Provost Marshals nor Generals. Whoever roused her indignation, she impaled on the point of her pen. The book entire is provocative of thought, but more of feeling. Mrs. Swisshelm's pen has here much of its old-time caustic power. The book will be of great value some day, as a side light on the "Half a Century" it represents. It will be material out of which history will be made. S. C. LL. J.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

OMITTED.—The editor pro-tem for our last issue undertook to correct what he conceived to be certain bad habits of the jotter of these notes, by giving full notes of some recent transactions in Janesville, but the senior, at the last moment, for want of room, allowed them to be crowded out, and our Iowa apostle good-naturedly insists that they shall go in this number. In the interests of peace we make room for a portion of them.

JANESVILLE, WIS.—Mr. Jones sometimes tries his friends greatly. They have felt that they had a right to know how things were going on in the Janesville parish, but the pastor did not acknowledge this right, and often kept them in sad ignorance. Even when calamities come to him and his he says no word about it in these pages. We have the advantage of him this month, and, unhappily, the first note we have to make is one of calamity. Recently, while out riding, he and his whole family were thrown out of the carriage, seriously bruising Mrs. Jones and slightly damaging the others. It was a narrow escape. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have rapidly rallied and have been for some days at their usual activitieS.

What next we have to record is of mingled good fortune and ill for our western work; ill, it may be, for the good people of the Janesville parish. The readers of UNITY know that the Western Unitarian Conference made a proposition to Mr. Jones to give all his time to its work. The opportunities for usefulness which this work opened to him were so wide and varied that he has been led to accept it, but with how much sorrow at severing the ties that bind him to Janesville only those can know who have been in similar circumstances. Recently the parish met for the last social at the parsonage. The house overflowed with sympathetic friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jones were presented with a fine engraving of DeBuffe's Prodigal Son, and an elegant set of Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, and a purse, and the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, A severance of the relation that has existed for almost nine years, between Brother J. Ll. Jones and All Souls Society, seems to be fully determined upon; therefore

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the value of Brother Jones' services, as well as the magnitude of our loss; and while we are profoundly grateful for the one, we will endeavor to submit to the other with something of the self-sacrificing spirit and loyalty to duty that so eminently characterizes Brother Jones himself; and we take a heartfelt pleasure in bearing testimony to the ardent zeal, the untiring industry and lofty devotion to the cause of humanity and true Christian advancement manifested by him during his ministry among us.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the services of Mrs. Jones, knowing as we do that it is by her efficient aid and co-operation that Brother Jones has been enabled to do double duty. We shall also miss her sadly from the working force in our church, and in our community. Words are but feeble expressions; may we show our appreciation of her by our endeavor to emulate her example.

Resolved, That while the void in our society will be attended with gloom and much anxiety, we are cheered by the hope that, although their departure is a grievous thing to us, it will result in great good to them and to others; and so we bid them a hearty God-Speed, and cheerfully commend them to the love and confidence of those among whom they may be called to labor.

Once more. The local paper published in full the Report of the Secretary of the Mutual Improvement Club for the last year, read at the reunion recently held at the parsonage in Janesville. It is an admirable paper which should appear in full in UNITY. The work of this club is described in Miss Beal's paper in the last UNITY. There can be no doubt but such courses of study serve to quicken wonderfully the intellectual life of the students and of the whole city. The Club has high ideals and bravely tries to realize them. If we may be allowed a word of query we would ask, if more work is not attempted than can be even adequately glanced at in thirty meetings? We are glad to know that with the next number UNITY introduces a new department, to be entitled "The

Unity Club." This department is to occupy about a page, and is to contain reports of club work, programmes of study, hints as to methods, questions asked and answered, etc.

QUINCY, ILL.—The Illinois Fraternity of Religious Societies holds its autumn session here Oct. 12-14.

TO THE WOMEN.—The first thing for the Unity sisters everywhere to-day, on receipt of this number, is to read Mrs. Hilton's appeal, on page 215, and then read once more all that pertains to woman's work in UNITY of July 1st. Then have all these papers read at the very first meeting of your Ladies' Society, where there is one; remind your minister of his duty to speak of it in public and private to the women of his congregation, if you have a minister. In any case let all act.

NEW VENTURES.—Rev. H. D. Catlin, formerly of Northumberland, Pa., is to occupy the pulpit of All Souls Church, Janesville, during the month of September. Rev. A. Thompson, of the Presbyterian Church, takes the Unitarian pulpit at Keokuk, Ia., for the same time. Rev. Mr. Nichols begins his work at Indianapolis. Rev. John Andrews is prospecting at Lincoln and the region beyond the Missouri. Rev. Mr. Herbert begins his work at Denver about the middle of this month. Mr. Cushing, who has been studying with Mr. Clute, is to begin regular services at Spencer, Ia. soon.

COOKSVILLE, WIS.—The Unity Church of Cooksville was organized on the evening of the 30th ult., with twenty members. This was the culmination of Mr. Jones' missionary work, which has been carried on for several years in connection with the Janesville charge, traveling twenty miles Sunday afternoon for an evening service. The friends were gathered at the residence of B. S. Hoxie, Esq., and they organized for the purpose of "Mutual Helpfulness, Intellectual Improvement, and the advancement of Practical Righteousness in the world." They will continue their fortnightly meetings with lay services, when none other is practicable. During the evening Mr. Jones was presented with a complete edition of Herbert Spencer's writings. It was one more of the painful but pleasant good-byes which this severing of nine-year-old ties has necessitated.

INDIANA.—Mr. Galvin, of the Third Church, Chicago, has been using his vacation in supplying the little flock at Hobart. Mr. Crooker, of LaPorte, has been using his vacation in preparing the way for missionary work at Michigan City, 12 miles distant, where he will speak Sunday evenings, and is planning his next years work in his own pulpit, which is announced as follows: Six discourses on "Jesus and His Teachings," six on the "Growth of Early Christianity," six lectures on "Revivals, their Philosophy, Phraseology, Dogmas, Physiological Effects, etc., etc.," and ten lectures on "Natural Ethics," to be given next Spring. This systematic work at long range is the sure cure for intellectual degeneracy in the pulpit and general debility in the pews. To plan and to carry out such work as this necessitates moral courage and great intellectual activity.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The following clipping from a newspaper reaches us by a roundabout way. The correspondent, speaking of the Cleveland churches, says St. Paul's is *the* church for singing—slightly heathenish to put that first, but you know how rich, rolling harmony leads you up to nature's God—architecture, ravishing bonnets and elegant dressing altogether, intoxicating perfume and l'Anglais service. From this nucleus of splendor you can follow many shafts of light, some of them leading to "gnashing of teeth," some to the light that never goes down. One of these streams leads to a little chapel, in which is taught all gentle, kindly, lovable things, by a man whose nature is like his teachings. I only know of him as Hosmer, the Unitarian, and I have not heard him preach. To a great many good, God-fearing people Unitarianism means "the abomination of desolation;" but I read Hosmer's "Unity of Faith" one Sunday morning, and it meant to me "a new heaven and a new earth;" it meant love and toleration, mercy and humility, and in all its grand embrace, unity. Little by little this quiet, intense, magnetic man is gathering around him the *thinkers* of this city, and this is the work in which his reward lies.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—The following note explains itself, and finds welcome room in our columns: "Thanks for your interest in Antioch College. We are organizing our forces for the next year. After the reduction of our strength we find ourselves able to say that the Preparatory, English, and Normal studies will be fully provided for as usual, and also the studies of the Freshman, Sophomore and part of the Junior years of the undergraduate course. Facilities will be enlarged and extended as fast as demanded. The names of Professors Chandler, Claypole and Gilman and Mrs. Weston, give assurance that good work will be done. The special aim will be to secure thoroughness in the educational work, and to bring the opportunities within the reach of all. The work of moral training, however, will not be overlooked, believing that without a good moral foundation, no noble superstructure of character is possible. The new *regime*, instituted by the Trustees at the last commencement, puts more work and greater responsibilities upon the Faculty. The policy of maintaining the integrity of the endowment fund and making good its losses from accruing interest, and appropriating only the interest of other funds to the current expenses, is a sound policy in the end. The Faculty approve it and assume a heavy part of the burden of carrying it out. In the meantime they will throw all life and vigor possible into the school, and hope for success. They bespeak the encouragement and co-operation of Liberal learning and Liberal thought everywhere. Truly yours,

J. B. WESTON,
Acting President.

Yellow Springs, O., Aug. 7th.

A BUSY WORKER.—Rev. Lyman Clark, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Petersham, Mass., held services August 29th in recognition of the close of the sixth year of his pastorate. His professional duties have included preaching three hundred and seventy-seven times, attending sixty-eight burials, performing the marriage service seventeen times. The average recorded attendance of the congregation has been one hundred and twelve, for the past year one hundred. The parish has suffered a loss by death and removal of fifty-five members who have been in actual attendance upon services during some portion of the time, which has been but partially made good by accessions. The church building has been frescoed within, painted without, the roof slated. New furnaces will soon be provided. Non-professional employments of the pastor have included one term of service in the Legislature, while there being upon the Committees on Education and Parishes and Religious Societies; four and a half years on the local school committee; labors in behalf of village improvement by transplanting trees, repair of highways, establishment of

sidewalks, lighting the common, and the organization of a public library. The church will be closed during the first three Sundays in September, except in case of special announcement; services being resumed on the 26th of the month. Mr. Clark will visit the West during the vacation. It would be a good thing to capture such a worker for some western field.

RESUMPTION.—The brethren of the pulpit are emerging from their hiding places, and the pillars of Unity are once more in line. We hear of Hosmer leaving the rocks and the waves browned for his Cleveland task. Snyder opens the doors of Unity Church, Chicago, next Sunday; thence to his post at St. Louis. Mr. Galvin will resume in the Third Church, Chicago, with a thoroughly renovated audience-room. Bro. Herford has scarcely allowed his pulpit to cool; he has been in it or around it nearly all summer. Mr. Forbush looked in on UNITY the other day, just from the woods of Michigan, where he has been busy at work compiling a Liturgy to be used in his Detroit church. It is to be printed for private use, yet we hope to arrange it so that it will be available as one more tool in our Unity work. The soughing of the pine trees over his head must have made melodious the sadly sweet solemnity of many a Psalm line. Bro. Sunderland passed through our UNITY office to his Ann Arbor work this week. He has been tumbling down stairs, breaking bones, and preaching at Strawberry Point, Iowa, for vacation diversion. Hunting came to equip himself with a Tabernacle for his Iowa field work. Bro. Clute has been amusing himself with raising money to complete the church tower at Iowa City, and for the benefit of the I. U. A. He begins work this week. Gannett, we might almost say Unity Church of St. Paul, have broken camp on the banks of the life-giving Minnetonka, and are once again in harness and armor in the city of the great Apostle. Lastly, the Business Editor of UNITY, with a month of Lake Superior in brain and blood, is at the office again, ready to receive subscriptions, while the Editor, just bereaved of his Janesville responsibility with an aching heart, is off to Kansas to attend the Bismark Grove Meeting of Liberals, Sept. 1–7.

DAKOTA.—From Sioux Falls there came to us this Macedonian cry some time ago, but we deferred printing it lest the enervating season might dull the call. To the Ministers, men or women of the right sort, and to those who have money to consecrate to missionary uses, we recommend that this item should be carefully marked, "to be re-read" when the weather is cool. Such a re-reading ought to bring forth fruit.

"I implore you to urge upon the Liberal people the necessity of missionary work. Cannot you do something for us here in Dakota? Oh if I could only tell the Liberals of the demand for the work here. I feel sure something could be done. We ought to occupy these new fields. I see that at the anniversary at Boston, Milwaukee was spoken of as "one of our outposts." I smile at the thought, yet I do not know but that it is true, for we have advanced but a little way in the wilderness. We are behind all other denominations in pushing forward and occupying the land, when in Colorado, way up in the Rocky mountains, in the South Park, ten miles from a post office and as many more from a shingled roof, we found a Methodist minister preaching every two weeks in a sod shanty with dirt roof. Here on these prairies where school houses are springing up like magic, no district is without its preacher. Ignorant men totally unfit to lead others, many of them talented, self-sacrificing men, many of them full of zeal and eager to save men's souls. Is it true that we have no gospel for these people? Nothing fit to offer simple-minded, uncultured men enduring hardship and privations. Is it only to the cultured we have a message? Is error good enough for the multitude? Nay, nothing but the Truth can find any soul. Our Gospel with its cheerful views of life and its hopes, our teachings of the loving Father, is the one to move men to endure the hardships of pioneer life. How I long to see these people receive a brighter view of God, of life and death. We need not a breaking plow so much as a *cultivator* sent us. The breaking up has been done. The newspaper reaches the sod shanty in Dakota. Ingersoll is discussed by men in their claim shanties twenty miles from any town. What we need is not some one to tear down, but build up; not to take away bread and give a stone, but to give more nutritious bread and meat to these hungry souls.

There has been no building as yet. Here is an opportunity to begin on good foundations. How I would like to see the effect upon one community that from the beginning had Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion preached to it. Will not some rich man try the experiment and send to Dakota a missionary—a man who will *live* as well as *preach* a better gospel? What an opportunity of turning dead dollars into living souls!

Here in Sioux Falls we are better off in that we have liberal men in our pulpits. There is an earnest endeavor to reach the best things here; yet the active business life of the town brings a multitude of young men here who cannot be reached through the old channels. Last Sunday night the Congregationalist minister offered me his pulpit and advertised me to speak to young men, and the Methodist and Baptist ministers gave up their services and came to hear me. So you see we have somewhat of unity here and little bigotry.

Our town has a club studying English History, and all winter maintained a very creditable literary society. We also have a magazine and book club.

A liberal preacher who could make headquarters here, and go out into these prairies and preach in these school houses, would have a field any city pastor, with his wealthy, cultivated congregation, might envy. But he must look elsewhere for much of his salary. The people are poor as yet—can hardly support their own families. I know of but one minister who is, as yet, supported by his society. Who will furnish the means to make the right man to come to us for one year? Never was there a broader field awaiting any laborer. Please urge our claims. Cannot some one spend a few weeks here? We would be glad of four weeks in some one's vacation, and could do something toward paying expenses."

Is not this definite way of investing money more satisfactory to the donor than the doing good through middle men? Let the man or woman who has five hundred or a thousand dollars to give to the missionary work, put it into the hands of the missionary they believe in, send him to Dakota, and have the satisfaction of studying the result.

IOWA NOTES.—The Unitarian friends at DesMoines are in good earnest to keep up their church. They now pledge $400 for the minister one-half the time, and see where they can get one hundred more, if the work goes on. It seems too bad that there is no money to help keep the missionary in that field all of the time, especially when we consider the fact that the city has risen from the *fifth* to the *first* in the State in ten years. Ten thousand persons have been added in ten years to the population and still the growth goes on. Our friends are among the truest and the best, and if they had the means to build a church their success would be secured without any sudden growth. A very pleasant Sunday was spent at the Agricultural College at Ames. Not half as much is known of the excellence of this school as should be known. In the first place it has now property in land worth more than a million of dollars, and the annual income is about $45,000. This income cannot be spent for buildings, only for teachers, professors and apparatus. The appointments of the school are as complete as a university of science, theoretical and practical. First, the labor depart-

ment. There is a regular class in the machine shop for every grade. The freshmen begin by filing a rough piece of iron into a perfectly square shape. Then they fit iron joints by the file alone. The file is the first instrument used. The pupils go on by two hours labor in a day until they learn the use of all the tools of the machine shop, and after they have learned the trade they are paid for all their work. They are just now finishing a steam engine which will be exhibited at the coming State fair. Such is really an industrial school. What we say of the machine shop will generally apply to the carpenter shop, the printing room, horticulture and the various departments of the farm. Under the present government the pupils are not obliged to work, but a large number of them choose a few hours of labor each day. For any labor they receive compensation, except when they are receiving the instruction of the department. *Four* young men milk 50 cows twice a day, taking two hours for it, both morning and evening. Others take the milk to the creamery and make the butter, the power of a small engine, made by two of the students, being used for churning. Professor S. A. Knapp, A. M., is the practical farmer whose special province is experimental, but he oversees the whole business of this farm and does half the preaching on Sundays. I cannot praise the school more than it deserves, and I wish UNITY to keep its eye upon it in the future. President A. S. Welch is only second to Horace Mann in his executive ability. Gen. J. L. Geddes is not only drill-master on parade, but he is steward and assistant treasurer. Professor W. H. Wynn is hardly second to Tyler, of Ann Arbor, in English literature. Professor C. E. Bessey has just issued a volume in botany, which is receiving the highest commendations from the best sources. Professor T. E. Pope was a native of New Bedford, Mass., a graduate of Harvard and a teacher in the Boston School of Technology before he came to his present position as Professor of Chemistry. The twenty-four professors and assistants make a scientific corps who can stand squarely in their places without fear of any rivals. The school has now about 300 pupils, all that can be accommodated by the present buildings, but we hope to see accommodations before many years for 600 pupils. When it is seen that some mechanical trade can be taught in connection with a school, we will see the beginning of a revolution in the conducting of our public schools, and there will be a basement where machinery will be run by a steam engine that will be easily propelled by the surplus steam of the boiler which heats the school building. This is the step forward which our cities will first adopt for the benefit of the highest grade in all grammar schools. S. S. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

All the readers of UNITY will extend sympathetic hands to our earnest fellow workers, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Cole, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, while they sit in the home shadows that has hid from sight the noble son whose illness was mentioned in our last. He was just girding himself for his life work, the uplifting of his fellows. A very Sir Galahad he seemed to his friends. "Consecration" was the word wrought in white flowers at the head of the casket, and this was the word that best represented his life's aim. Life's lesson is taught and his life's work accomplished in less time than we thought, but not necessarily less effectual.

TO THE LIBERAL WOMEN OF THE WEST.

Dear Friends and Co-workers:

After the earnest and stirring appeal, in UNITY of July 1st, in the article "How To Do It," by S. C. Ll. J., I feel as if no word from me could add emphasis to the noble and helpful work set for you and the Liberal sisterhood of our city to do. But since I am to act as your Treasurer, a word of greeting at this time may not be amiss, and will perhaps bring you and us nearer together in spirit and action, which is the desirable end I aim to accomplish, since by uniting we are stronger.

The Women's Liberal Religious Union, that had its beginning at the meeting of the Unitarian Conference held at Toledo in 1877, is now entering upon its third year, and we have reason for genuine satisfaction in the work already done—see report of Mrs. Jones in UNITY of July 1st—and abundant encouragement in the cheerful outlook for the future. We are now, as an organization, in better running order, with the Conference our responsible head, that body assuming liability for all departments of work connected with it, and which we of the Union are bound, in loyalty and good faith to our Liberal cause, to lend hearty support to. The headquarters in this city is the Conference "charge" to us. Its maintainance, the object we are requested to unite our strength and energy in securing; and to this end I hope we may work with an earnestness of purpose and faithfulness of aim that shall prove we are equal to the trust. Let us, then, be it in ever so small a way, take up the work with a will and determination that, in its outcome, means success. Sympathetic hands and hearts in this great city are with you in the common helpfulness, fully alive to the interest and advancement of a cause that is worthy our noblest, truest effort. Give, then, in its behalf, without shrinking, no matter how modest the sum. Each contribution carries its measure of help, and is "missionary" in its result. From small beginnings have grown the grandest achievements. The "mites" gathered in from loyal workers in our Liberal vineyard throughout the broad West, would aggregate a noble sum. Added to these are the earnest seekers after a freer gospel, who will gladly "lend a hand" in swelling the generous result. God speed the good work!

MRS. JOHN C. HILTON,
Assistant Treasurer of W. U. C.
1428 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE ALLIANCE.—The following is from the pen of Rev. H. W. Thomas, in regard to the trial of Rev. E. P. Adams, for heresy: "Another fact seems evident; and that is, if these heresy-hunting doctors are not restrained, young men of brains will be slow to put themselves in a position to be restrained from honest thought, or persecuted if they find themselves coming into broader fields of truth. The churches may as well learn the lesson now as in a few years, for learn it sometime they must, that some of the old forms of belief can be no longer maintained. The whole public mind—unless it be that of the preachers, who often seem slower to learn than anybody else—is rapidly undergoing very great changes; and changes, too, for the better and not for the worse."

THE INDEPENDENT wants to know "how it happens that Illinois Congregationalism shows a loss, the last year, of 753 members."

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CHANNING,

AND THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

(The references are to the one-volume "Works," Amer. Edition, and the new one-volume "Life," of Channing.)

Lesson VIII.

The Three Points of Unitarianism: (3) The Use of Reason in Religion.

1. **Free Inquiry in Religion,**—that, as compared with Orthodoxy, is the *third* principle of Unitarianism. It follows directly from the second; because reverence for human nature as "divine" meant reverence for man's Reason and Conscience (*Works*, 338), and contempt for it as "totally depraved" meant contempt for his Reason and Conscience. Before the Bible, therefore, Calvinist and Unitarian parted company again, though not so widely this time as before. To both of them the Bible was a miraculous Revelation, a gracious message from heaven, sent to eke the light of Nature: but to the one, chapter and verse *were* the message; to the other, they only *held* the message, whose meaning had to be made out from its words, as from any other words, by common sense. If aught in the message seemed irrational, the Calvinist with loyal logic said, "It is God's Word! Man's reason must accept, not criticise, it." If aught seemed immoral, "It is God's Word! Man's Conscience may not judge its Maker." Whereas the Unitarian said "Reason and Conscience are the divine Words *in* us, the Holy Book is the divine Word *out* of us: the two must harmonize,—God cannot contradict himself: and if they seem to clash, it is the outward that must conform to the inward, the Bible with Reason. Not Reason with the Bible." That prostration of Reason and Conscience to the Bible resulted in those mysterious and cruel doctrines of the Catechism. (*Lesson* IV.) Their partial use within the Bible led to the Unitarian Reformation.

(*The Talk.*—Illustrate the doctrine of "verbal inspiration," by which the Bible has so often been employed to "hold the fort" for crimes and superstition; e. g. slavery, witch and heretic-burning, war-cruelties, woman's subjection, intemperance. Idolatry, Bibliolatry, Christolatry,—a long help and a long hurt (a longer hurt?) in each. And can man worship *Reason* to his hurt,—make that an idol?—on this point, again,—and so, on all three points,—Orthodoxy has immensely modified its tone. Almost every sect now has its broad or rationalistic party, and the whole lump is leavened by it. Whose conscience should the child follow, his own or his father's, if they clash? What difference between this case and the one above?)

2. **Why Reason and Revelation, Both.**

Listening again to Channing, notice, in the first place, what made him and his friends believe in Reason and Revelation, *both*: it was because Christianity seemed to him "reason in its most perfect form." (*Works*, 246.) Because its inward evidences grow plainer in proportion as the human mind makes progress." (*W.* 274.) Because its very purpose was to "liberate and raise the human mind." (*W.* 250.) "Christianity a *rational* religion,"—Channing never tired of proving, illustrating, repeating that against Orthodoxy, on the one side, and against Unbelief on the other.

(*The Talk.*—In all this does Channing seem to you, *idealize* Christianity,—its proofs, its character, its influence,—or not?)

3. **But Reason must Interpret Revelation.**

Almost at the opening of the controversy Channing told his comrades that "the great question between the Orthodox and the Liberals is not, whether the Trinity or vicarious atonement or innate sin, be true; but a broader question,—How far is Reason to be used in explaining Revelation?" (*Life*, 220)—"The Bible written for men." (*Works*, 368, 237.)

(*The Talk.*—The Bible a literature, not a book,—an oriental literature,—an ancient literature,—1500 years in writing: disuse of reason in explaining such a book necessarily an abuse of reason. But *could* Calvinism be wholly loyal to its principle of disuse?

4. **Reason must Judge the Revelation, also.**

Here are bold words,—he often said others like them: "The truth is, and it ought not to be disguised, that our ultimate reliance is and must be on our own reason. Faith in this power lies at the foundation of all other faith. Reason is the very faculty to which revelation is addressed and by which alone its evidence can be weighed (p. 236) and its meaning explained. A contradiction between reason and a genuine revelation cannot exist. A revelation from the Author of our rational nature will certainly be adapted to its fundamental laws. If after an impartial use of our best faculties a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself, or to clash with great principles which we cannot question, we ought not to hesitate to withhold from it our belief. I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is an expression of his will. (*Works*, 337-8.) Appealing to this Judge, therefore, Channing throws out from Christianity what he calls its "human additions." (*Works*, 243.) Channing contains no such doctrines." (p. 467.)

(*The Talk.*—"Ultimate reliance *must* be," etc: Show that true by tracing home any faith whatever, e. g., the infallibility of Pope or Bible.—Room for talk and questioning,—but, first, for *thought*—in every sentence in this section and the next. They are test-sentences by which to measure the reality of one's religious liberty. Do you seem wholly true to you, or not.)

5. **Reason must Judge God Himself.**

"It is an important truth, not yet sufficiently developed, that the ultimate reliance of a human being is and must be on his own mind. God is not unintelligible because incomprehensible. God's goodness because infinite does not cease, or essentially differ from the same attribute in man; nor does Justice change its nature. We know not and cannot conceive of any other Justice or goodness than we learn from our own nature; and if God have not these, he is altogether unknown to us as a moral being; he offers nothing for esteem and love to rest upon. Is it the presumptuous to judge our Creator? He himself has made this our duty in giving us a moral faculty; and has consequently waived his own claims on our veneration and obedience, any farther than he discovers himself to us in characters of benevolence, equity and righteousness. Besides, is it presumptuous to call God good? If the strongest marks of injustice do not prove God unjust, then the strongest marks of the opposite character do not prove righteous. If we cannot judge God, how can we trust him?" (*Works*, 462-7.)—"With such a Creator (as Calvinism teaches) the idea of mercy cannot coalesce; and more, under such a government man would need no mercy; for he would owe no allegiance to such a Maker. The wrong would lie on the side of the Creator." (*Works*, 396.)

6. **The Soul's Liberty *vs.* Creeds, Sects, Intolerance.**

With this high trust in Reason and Conscience as God's very life within us, no wonder that Channing warms and glows as never besides, when he stands forward to defend the Soul's liberty against attack. He tells us how he was roused to take his part in the Unitarian Controversy: "At such a period I dared not be silent." (*Life*, 270; 420.)—"Liberty in all its forms." (*Works*, 7.) "I call that mind free." (*Works*, 174: one of his noblest passages.)—"Always young for Liberty!" (*Life*, 601.)

Or to know Channing, read these passages: "I cannot but look on human creeds with feelings approaching contempt." Four reasons against them: (1) A rush-light to the Sun! (2) To cage the infinity of Christian truth! (3) They beget insincerity. "How deeply do I commiserate the minister who," etc. (4) They favor unbelief, mysteries that shock the reason being the staple of creed." (*Works*, 486-9.)—"The spirit of Sects. (476.)—"Victims of Intolerance and Inquisitions." (180.)—"Pride of Reason." (238.)

(*The Talk.*—Are the "three points" of Unitarianism a "creed?" What think you of the four arguments? Ought Unitarians to have a creed? Is Unitarianism a "sect?" Are these Lessons "intolerant?" Which is the noblest sentence in "I call that mind free," etc?)

7. **Where shall we Stop?**

The principle of Reason in Religion led to the Unitarian reformation,—but did not end then. It led further than its brave apostle saw. At Luther's reformation Protestantism had been solidly built upon the Bible,—the Bible then displacing the Church as the supreme authority in religion. (*Lesson* IV.) Now, after three more centuries of growing light, Reason was beginning to displace the Bible,—a protest against Protestantism. Calvinism believed in the miraculous Revelation, and not in Reason, as authority in Religion; Channing and his friends believed in Reason *and* the Revelation; before long there were religious men believing in Reason and *not* in the Revelations. It the next Lesson we shall learn why.

(*The Talk.*—"Where shall we stop?" This the famous frightening question with which minds scare themselves back to the nursery when beginning to leave it. Should it stop us *there?* How far should it influence our going? The two dangers, stopping too soon, and not soon enough,—which, on the whole, more likely? "When I see farther, I will go farther," the truth-lover's answer. F. W. Newman's answer to his brother who became Roman Catholic.)